NATIONAL REVIEW

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September 7, 1957

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Can Congressional Investigations Survive Watkins?

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

The Cossacks of Freewood Acres

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

The Kremlin Organ Players

AN EDITORIAL

Articles and Reviews by ·····WILLMOORE KENDALL

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN · L. BRENT BOZELL

JAMES BURNHAM · GARRY WILLS · ROBERT PHELPS

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For the Record

The startling success that Communist China has had in its campaign to increase trade with the West may boomerang as a result of the crop failure on the Chinese mainland. In recent years, Communist China has paid for 75 per cent of its imports by agricultural exports....The Peiping government is gravely concerned over the mass migration of peasants to the cites. "Labor reform centers" are being readied to receive "unemployed reactionaries, vagabonds" and other "nonproductive" city residents. According to a government survey, 60 per cent of the residents in fifteen major cities are "nonproductive."

Soviet patrols have seized 56 Japanese fishing boats with 572 crewmen from January to June of this year. Of these, 25 boats and 36 men are still missing.

News and views from the Soviet bloc: The Soviet Army newspaper Krasnaya Zvezda charges that in retaliation for the Taipei riots, the United States is systematically deporting half a million Chinese from Taiwan to remote Pacific islands where "they will be doomed to a slow death"....The Soviet Union warned its people that Milovan Djilas' book The New Class is sponsored by "the U.S. bourgeois press and radio".... Premier Chou En-lai, in an interview with the Egyptian newspaper, Al Messa, insists that Dulles has isolated the United States from China rather than China from the world. "China," he said, "would not be the least affected if the U.S. did not recognize her even for 100 years."....Powerful new transmitters have been shipped to Cairo by Czechoslovakia in order to extend the range of "The Voice of the Arabs."

Delegates to the National Young Adult Conference of the YMCA passed a resolution urging the United Nations 1) to expel the Hungarian delegation since it does not represent the wishes of the Hungarian people and 2) to insist upon free elections for each country under Soviet rule....Legislation proposed by Senator John Kennedy would wipe out current restrictions against aid to satellite countries. He characterized as "too little and too late" the $95 million recently awarded to Poland.

Advice to the National Safety Council: the Soviet Asian Republic of Kazakhstan, cracking down on traffic violators, has executed a drunken driver by a firing squad.

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● The Soviet claim to have delivered an intercontinental ballistic missile "on target" is discounted by the *Wall Street Journal* which, with complete capitalist aplomb, suggests the target must have been Siberia.

● The appropriation bill for the Atomic Energy Commission was finally passed without a clear decision on the "public power" issue. AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss, supported consistently by the President, has stood firmly against government development of nuclear reactors for the production of energy for civilian use. The House of Representatives upheld him, but the Senate voted for the statist proposal of the Democrats to have the government build and operate six civilian reactors. In conference, funds were approved for two experimental reactors of types not heretofore constructed in this country, but the broader issue, so momentous for the future of our economy, was left in suspense. It is certain to be rejoined in next year's congressional session.

● Our ambassador to Cuba, Mr. Earl Smith, is in hot water, which is where he should be for meddling with the internal politics of Cuba. Recently Mr. Smith publicly deplored President Batista's treatment of Cuban revolutionists; which, whatever one thinks of Batista's regime, is not a matter for our ambassador to Cuba to discourse upon. We learn from confidential sources that Batista instructed Cuba's ambassador to the UN to bring the matter up before the Security Council—as an example of a powerful country muscling in on the affairs of a smaller one. Ambassador Lodge has succeeded, however, in getting the protest rerouted to the more tractable Organization of American States, where an effort, which will probably succeed, is to be made to bury it.

● Ex-Governor Kohler has taken the licking all Eisenhower Republicans deserve, and Joe McCarthy's seat in the Senate will be occupied by an obscure but dependable member of the Democrat Party. There was never much at stake in the election: either way it came out, the McCarthy seat was going to be abolished, the forces in the Senate that identify the "dignity of the Senate" with lickspittle subservience to the Executive were going to be strengthened, and American politics was going to become—assuming that to be possible—duller. And, since there is no man can say us Nay, we are going to interpret the verdict of the Wisconsin electorate in the primaries and the general election the way we want to interpret it—as an announcement by Joe's neighbors that they saw nobody on the horizon worthy to fill Joe's shoes, that they prefer a denial of his politics to a pale and gutless affirmation of them, that they opt for no loaf at all rather than half-a-loaf of tasteless bread, and that, in any case, they want to register a protest against Kohler for his behavior about the Kohler strike. If the election has any other meaning, then Wisconsin never deserved McCarthy to begin with.

● Alfred K. Stern is the fugitive spy who with his wife, Martha Dodd Stern, escaped behind the Iron Curtain three weeks ago. From 1921 to 1937 Stern was married to Marion Rosenwald, now chief financial backer of the *Reporter,* and wife of its editor, Max Ascoli. Mr. Stern is a member of one of the most popular Harvard graduate clubs, the lengthening list of which includes on its roster: Alger Hiss, Nathan Witt, Lee Pressman, John Abt, Henry H. Collins, Jr., Harry Dexter White, Lauchlin Currie, Harold Glasser, Maurice Halperin, Russell Nixon, George R. Faxon, Allan Rosenberg and Irving P. Schiller. When interviewed in Prague, Comrade Stern described all the United States institutions as plunged in a "spy hysteria"—except for the Supreme Court, which he felt able to praise as "one of the most liberal bodies in the U.S. in recent times."

● The Pakistan Foreign Minister, Firoz Khan Noon, has formally charged that Soviet planes are using a new airfield built near Leh, capital city of Ladakh province in disputed Kashmir. The Indian government, which in defiance of long-standing UN resolutions continues to rule Kashmir by police-state methods and refuses all proposals for a UN-administered plebiscite, promptly denounced Pakistan's charge as "fantastic."

● The President of the Board of Education of New York City has been capturing headlines by complaining, under readily-discernible NAACP and ADL pressure of course, because the integration of the city's public schools is not proceeding more rapidly. Let no one, however, without reading the fine print, leap to conclusions about the merits of the issues at stake, which are precisely *not* those associated with the integration problem in the South. Johnnie's right—regardless of Johnnie's race, creed, or color—to attend the public school nearest to Johnnie's home is not in question, but quite the contrary. In New York, the issue is Johnnie's *duty* to be integrated even if no children of another race live within miles of him, and he has to go halfway across the city to find a "mixed" school to attend. The immediate

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squabble is over the pace at which the lines defining existing school districts shall be redrawn so as to make of each one, as nearly as possible, a miniature Hawaii—the pace, in a word, at which problems between the races shall be deliberately created where they do not now exist. NATIONAL REVIEW congratulates the many teachers who, it has now been revealed, are showing the good sense to resist reassignment in this egalitarian burlesque.

● Pressing business kept us away from last week's showing of Spy Suspect Rudolf Abel's paintings for the New York press. But we are happy to see, from the press notices, that the Colonel's masterpieces were treated with a respect appropriate to his high calling, were carefully analyzed by some of the city's leading journalist-aestheticians, and were declared of such quality that, if he ends up being put out of the espionage business, he might well earn his living at the trade of Cezanne and Picasso. The paintings, according to one Bearer of Expertise who was present and not unwilling to be quoted, reflect little that would contradict strict Communist tenets; they embody, according to a second, "socialist realism"; and some of them, according to a third, are "definitely salable." Let not the Colonel expect such deference should he turn state's witness: he will then sink into the obscurity reserved for anti-Communist artists suspected of patriotism.

● The customs of the United States Senate are one with the courtesy that has ever informed that aristocratic body. The custom of recognizing distinguished visitors in the galleries of the Senate grew out of the grave republican courtliness that made the eighteenth century an era of manners, and we would not wish to see it abandoned lightly. We find ourselves, however, in complete accord with Senator Prescott Bush, who has sponsored successfully an amendment of the Senate rules to prohibit members from focusing the Senate's attention on anyone in the galleries. For Senators of the United States to applaud television and motion picture actors was not only a nuisance and a bore, but symptomatic of the hagiography of our day. From court fool, the comedian has risen to canonized saint. It was time the halo was removed, to the extent it can be, by formal action by a deliberative body.

● The Mohawk Indians, led by Chief Standing Arrow, are on the (diplomatic) warpath. The treaty they signed with George Washington in 1784 granted them, they say, a 60-mile-wide strip running from Albany to Buffalo that includes, among other choice assets, quite a chunk of the $500 million New York Thruway; and the palefaces have reneged on the bargain. Standing Arrow is prepared, however, to accept something less than his full rights: concretely, a 15-mile stretch near Fort Hunter, where several hundred of his subjects have, without awaiting the outcome of formal negotiations, already moved in. Well, we'll give the Mohawks, perhaps a little out of touch with modern practices, the following tip; If they want to get something out of the State Department, let them hire an unemployed Titoist to handle their public relations.

The Kremlin Organ Players

In the middle act, Hamlet contemptuously pulls the stops of the servile, half-senile Polonius:

> HAMLET. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?
> POLONIUS. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.
> HAMLET. Methinks it is like a weasel.
> POLONIUS. It is backed like a weasel.
> HAMLET. Or like a whale?
> POLONIUS. Very like a whale.

Just so does the Kremlin contemptuously play on the fatuous hopes and craven fears of what it judges to be a servile, half-senile "bourgeois world."

> Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of an H-bomb mushroom?
> By *Time* and *Times*, and 'tis so like an H-bomb mushroom that you must have ten thousand bombs poised to fall on our trembling cities.
> Methinks it is more like a rainbow promising peace and eternal coexistence.
> It is arched like a rainbow, and we will follow it joyfully all the way to its pot of coexistence gold.
> Or like the trajectory of an Intercontinental Missile?
> Very like a missile, and we will grant everything you demand if only, please, you don't point it in our direction. . . .

Like brainwashed dogs we jump through their propaganda hoops, this way to the whip of their threats, and back again at their sweetened whistle.

Now from the drawing boards of Moscow's Ministry of Propaganda comes the latest spine-tickler: a blood-and-thunder announcement of "successfully carried out experiments" with a "super-range" Intercontinental Ballistic Missile ready to go "any place in the world" bearing an H-bomb warhead. The Red missile, it was hardly necessary to add, "fully confirmed the conclusion and calculation" of the Khrushchev leadership that ordered its construction for the dialectic purpose of "strengthening the defense capacity of the Soviet state" against the vicious refusal of "the Western powers and primarily the United States" to accept "a favorable solution of the question of disarmament." The rhetorical explosion was enough to cause nine tenths of our editorial writers,

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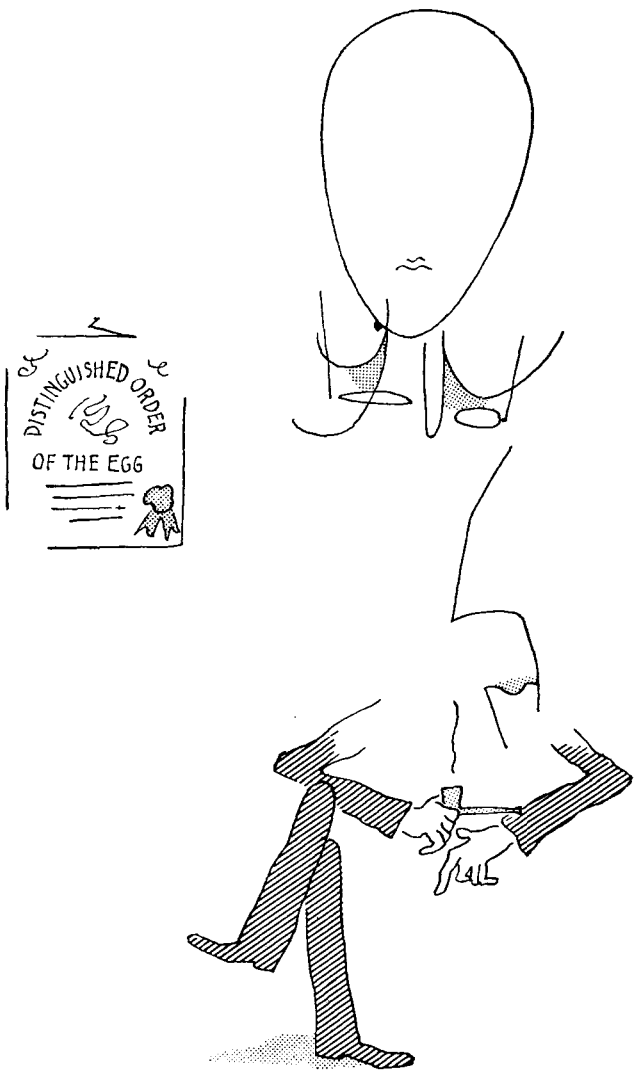
columnists and commentators to fall flat on their faces.

Just what kind of missile test the Soviet Union carried out—if any—we do not know, of course. If there has in truth been a decisive breakthrough that will give Moscow an overwhelming military preponderance in a couple of years, then the only rational answer is self-evident; immediate war while we can still win it. But our guess is that it didn't amount to much, and that their entire missile program is substantially behind ours. As Dr. Medford Evans has shrewdly insisted, the Communists are not ones to hide their victories, in any field, under blackout bushels. Undoubtedly they have armament enough for worry, but if their nuclear bombs and long-distance bombers and now their missiles were half so formidable as the West has persuaded itself they are, then we think that there would have been a good many more eye-witness accounts, photographs, documentary articles, newsreels and general public information telling the world (including most particularly their own dissident subjects) about them.

As in all analogous incidents of the past, the timing of this missile announcement is more plainly political than military. It is a brutal follow-up to Khrushchev's recent attempts to terrorize West Germans into voting Adenauer and his pro-German policies out of office in the September 15 election. It comes simultaneously as a crude threat against resistance to Moscow's presently proceeding takeover of Syria, and as a blow on the head to complete Harold Stassen's moral collapse in London; and perhaps also, as a maneuver to bolster Khrushchev's crumbled prestige at home.

But true or false in whatever proportion, is there no Western leader left resolute enough to hurl these gross bulletins back on the Kremlin with the scorn that is their only proper welcome? Do we not know that all Communists are liars? Why do we not tell them so, and force them to swallow their lies? And if, by some unlikely chance, they are this time, for a foul purpose, telling a truth, what then? If they do have a missile prototype—or ten thousand operative missiles—are we then ready to bow our necks at their feet?



Kreuttner

"You say you're a conservative but all you do is criticize everything. Outside of Limited Government, the traditional Two-Party System, Political Decentralization, Unhampered Economy, Free Press, Education to Educate, and respect for the Lessons of History, just what do you stand for that isn't negative?"

Blades of Grass

Henry Ford II has said, in his reply to Walter Reuther's "proposal" about automobile prices, all the things that wanted saying. He shares Mr. Reuther's "concern" about inflation (and passes up, like a gentleman, the temptation to say that when Mr. Reuther really gets concerned about inflation that'll be the day). He reminds Mr. Reuther that auto prices have gone up a mere 30 per cent since 1948, while the wages of Reuther's minions have gone up 70 per cent. He reads Mr. Reuther a sorely-needed lecture on economic statesmanship ("To turn over pricing responsibility to the Government, or to a union, or to an outside panel of any sort, would be to strike at the very foundation of our free enterprise system.") And he calls Mr. Reuther's demarche by its right name, "propaganda broadside"; that is, sheer demagogy, calculated to make it appear that the unions, unlike the auto companies, have the "public interest" at heart.

We give it as our opinion, however, that Reuther took Ford, not Ford Reuther. Mr. Ford said the right things, but he said them too late. He knows this is psychological warfare, but he does *not* know that

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a psychological warrior's efficiency varies inversely with the length of the blades of grass he allows to grow under his feet. Next time, let Mr. Ford act quickly enough to prevent Mr. Reuther from having the front pages to himself for days on end.

Still A Force Bill

The House has finally passed the compromise civil rights bill, and, since Senate leaders and a Senate majority have already approved its substance, it is only a question of formalities before it is the law of the land. The modified bill puts the voting right in the South under the domination of federal prosecutors, federal civil rights commissioners, federal judges and the federal Department of Justice. Anyone who attempts to "intimidate, threaten, coerce," or "attempt to coerce" another person at the polls will henceforward be subject to the injunctive process and sentence by a federal judge. Only in cases where the penalty exceeds forty-five days in jail and $300 in fines will a convicted individual be accorded the right to a retrial by jury.

No doubt the compromise on the issue of jury trial has done something to mitigate the original harshness of the bill. Nevertheless, the basic harm remains: the bill, as David Lawrence has courageously pointed out in his syndicated column, grants a license to any federal administration to "penetrate any local political organization." The forty-eight states no longer control their own election procedures. Even arguments which should come under the protection of the free speech clause of the First Amendment can be interpreted by federal officials as "attempts to coerce." Softened though it is, the bill remains a force bill which invades the rights of the states as guaranteed by the original constitutive compact of 1787. A crowning irony: the bill will permit the federal government to police the acts of precinct workers in Chicago as well as in Birmingham, Alabama; in Carmine DeSapio's Manhattan as well as in Clinton, Tennessee. From this date on if you open your mouth on election day you may be a federal case.

Surfeit of Confidence

What has brought on the recent stock market decline? A hundred analysts have offered as many separate reasons. Those who swear by the index afforded by the comparative yields of stocks and bonds point to a decline in dividends. Others fear that the productive capacity of certain key industries is in danger of being overbuilt and argue that the market has acted accordingly. Still others urge that the collective wage bill of the nation is outpacing technological improvement; that retail prices are too high; that money is too tight; that restrictions on mortgage credit have hurt the bellwether construction industry; *etcetera, etcetera.*

All of these proferred reasons for the decline are based on the firm belief that it is pessimism which drives the market down. And so pessimism does. But there are times when optimism itself can accomplish the same result. If what Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin says is true, this is one of those times. According to Mr. Martin's recent testimony on Monetary Policy before the Senate Finance Committee, counter-cyclical trends set in motion by the "Fed's" restrictive policies are *finally taking hold. Thus people no longer fear* monetary inflation as they feared it a year ago. With trust in the currency enhanced, there is less of a rush to trade dollars for stocks. The stock market, then, is suffering not from an access of fear but from a surfeit of confidence.

Assuming the correctness of this analysis, the market decline will hardly turn into a disaster. The bottom will be fixed at a point determined by relative stock-bond yields. All the more reason, then, for Washington to refrain from the politically easy attempt to bolster the market by emergency spending of one sort or another, or by lowering the discount rate, or by throwing jolts of "defense money" into the economy ahead of actual military requirements. And all the more reason to hope that the "wage push" can be held within bounds set by the actual increase in worker productivity.

Nothing but Words

Ten months ago the Hungarian people, rising in the streets of their rubbled fatherland, engraved on the escutcheon of Europe its finest arms. By dying in Budapest the Hungarian people earned for us all the right to walk again, erect and free. Those were glorious days in October and November, imperishable days when the immense pressure of hypocrisy and cowardice on the body of the West these past twenty years was lifted and, if for but a moment, decent men could breathe again. Not only were tyrants and their slaves from the far wastes of Mongolia defied and brought to a halt in the heart of Budapest; not only did twelve million heroes shake off the tyrant and effect their freedom for four deathless days; but by this heroism they swept away a fog whose damp air had chilled the heart of Christendom for a century. The relativism of the scholar; the internationalism of the Liberal; the timidity of the diplomat—they were all given the lie in Hungary. God: Fatherland: Freedom. For this trinity

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Hungary died. And by her death, Hungary awoke in all of us the remembrance of our inheritance.

On September 10, the American Friends of the Captive Nations will place before the United Nations General Assembly a resolution calling for the expulsion of the Kadar delegation from that body. This resolution points to the report of the United Nations Special Committee on Hungary; it urges free elections and the release of Premier Nagy by the Russians. We at NATIONAL REVIEW extend our sympathy and support to the American Friends of the Captive Nations. We are not so sanguine as to expect their hopes to find fulfillment. The body to which the resolution is addressed has already demonstrated to the world that for the broken sword of Hungary it has nothing but words.

A Clarification

In reply to Mr. Bozell's "Open Question" column on page 209: NATIONAL REVIEW believes that a) the doctrine that everyone has the right to vote conceivably can, and indeed sometimes does, conflict with the right of the few to preserve, against the wishes of the many, a social order superior to that which the many, given their way, might promulgate; that b) a valid distinction exists between a culture preeminently white and one which would issue upon the political predominance of Southern Negroes in their present stage of development; that it is to guard against the emergence of the latter via electoral mechanisms responsive only to quantitative pressure that many responsible Southerners refuse to enfranchise the marginal Negro; that c) the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution are regarded by much of the South as inorganic accretions to the original document, grafted upon it by victors-at-war by force; that d) the South should, if it determines to disfranchise the marginal Negro, do so by enacting laws that apply equally to blacks and whites, thus living up to the spirit of the Constitution, and the letter of the Fifteenth Amendment to it.

Menace to the World

During and after the recent war Germany suffered more terribly than any other civilized nation has ever suffered and survived. But now the half of Germany that we did not give to Stalin is indisputably the most prosperous nation in Europe. This phenomenal resurgence, which contrasts so painfully with the lingering prostration of England and France, was largely made possible by a deliberate violation of all the economic laws that we must observe, according to modern economists, if we are not to collapse. And now the German government has pledged itself to sell to private investors the famous Volkswagen factory and other government corporations. There is even talk of selling to the public the German railways, most of which were built as state monopolies and have been the model for proponents of public ownership everywhere.

In other words, the Germans are not only taking the government out of business, but are finding that the more they rely on private enterprise, the more they prosper. The lesson will certainly not be lost on the massive minds that are so busy providing us with all the answers about the "wave of the future." We fear, however, that the conclusion that they will draw will not be that they may have been wrong about economic law. It will be that Germany has again become a menace to the world that we must do something about, if we are to save the world for socialism.

From Us to International Understanding

The *New York Times* reports that the United States Information Agency is having a tough time knowing where to cut down, following upon Congress' reduced appropriations. At a meeting of USIA executives, one official insisted that the continued transmission of texts of President Eisenhower's news conferences to posts abroad is vital. The translation chief, however, complained he was having "the devil's own time" putting the President's "distinctive syntax and grammar" into foreign languages. A reader in France, quite clearly retarded, writes us complaining that he cannot understand a recent statement by the President which we quoted in a recent issue, and asks us to translate it. We are happy to do so, unaware of the nature of the problem that plagues the translation chief of the USIA. Herewith, with NATIONAL REVIEW's compliments, a translation of the President's answer to the question whether or not a meeting with Marshal Zhukov might not be profitable:

"La question est si des rencontres entre les deux ministres de guerre pourraient amener quelque chose j'ai dit et bien entendu il le pourrait bien parce que ce que vous êtes constamment en train d'éprouver des déclarations et puis l'étendu auquel ces déclarations soient dignes de foi portées dehors et confirmées par des faits et des gestes qui sont susceptibles de preuve maintenant comme je dis à une fois je répète M. le Maréchal Zhukov et moi nous avons agi ensemble très prochement je n'ai point pu voir de mal sortant d'un rencontre entre les deux ministres de guerre si cela pouvait s'arranger."

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The Liberal Line

A Reader of the Recent New York Times Series on Life in the Soviet Union Writes to a Friend . . .

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Dear Joe:

I am one of the many thousand avid *New York Times* readers whose horizons have been enormously broadened the last couple of weeks.

We have been—well, as good as been, because reading these articles is like actually having been there—to Kiev, and to Stalingrad, and to Moscow. Not on one of those guided tours, either, where you get to see only what the Soviet government wants you to. We went into people's very *homes*, sometimes even into the kitchen, and sat and chatted with them about—you know what folks who are just *folks* talk about when they sit down together to get better acquainted: how much you earn, and how much you pay out in taxes, and how much goes for food and how much for lodging, and how many times a week you go to the movies, and how old your little girl is and what name she answers to and what longer name that is a contraction of.

Our guide was the nicest, broad-mindedest man you ever met in your life—not the kind of man who goes into a Soviet home with preconceived ideas, his mind all made up to find fault, and dislike everything. He just wanted to *observe*, and ask searching questions, and not influence anybody. At the beginning of every visit, for instance, he would just say, "Vasili Nikolayevich Baidalakov is a Soviet engineer" (that's who we visited in Stalingrad) or "Georgi Ivanovich Pisarev is an officer in the Soviet Army" (we saw him in Moscow) or "Stephen Terentyevich Tobika is a Soviet farmer." I just know that if he ever writes an autobiography it will begin "William J. Jorden [which is his name] is an American newspaperman. He represents the *New York Times* in the Soviet Union."

Well, like I told you, Mr. Jorden just whisked us about from visit to visit for days on end, not influencing us or anything, but just appealing to our natural interest in people. Always he would just keep himself in the background, and let you see for yourself.

Take Colonel Pisarev, for instance, the army officer we shot the breeze with in Moscow. You keep hearing back home that the USSR intends to conquer the world, and won't stop until it has even occupied the United States. Well, you would know better if you could talk to the Colonel, because he said right off, in answer to one of those nice casual questions of Mr. Jorden's, that he *dislikes* war. "No one who has seen much of war," he told us, "could want to see more of it," and anyone with an ounce of sense in his head knows that if that is the way Soviet soldiers feel about it then ordinary people must hate war even worse, and how can a nation conquer anybody without warmongers?

Or take Aleksei Nikolayevich Nikotrov. He is a Communist Party official, and everybody knows what that means, that he belongs—I quote Mr. Jorden—to "that 3½ per cent of the population [that] wields complete authority over every important phase of life in the country," which I suppose is what people mean they say that the Russians don't have our kind of democracy. "He is," Mr. Jorden added, "something of a city councilman, party boss, father confessor, dictator and public servant to 300,000 people." Mr. Nikotrov told us how it is "up to him to listen to the complaints of the people living in his borough and try to do something about them." Mr. Jorden said his job "is not unlike that of political workers in any country," except that there is "no opposition down the street competing for the people's attention and support." Mr. Jorden said that difference was important, but he didn't make it clear just why. Also, anyone could tell, just talking to Nikotrov, how sincere he is ("I joined the party," he told us, "as a matter of conscience"), and how studious (when he joined he had "no theoretical training," but now he has read the works of Lenin), and how hard-working (he said "he rarely gets home early"). And though I listened hard, there wasn't a word about being against America, or wanting to conquer anything or anybody, and I could tell from the expression on Mr. Jorden's face, though not from anything he came right out and said, that he noticed that too.

Or take Ivan Vasileevich Gerasiemenko, the steel worker in Stalingrad. When we first caught sight of him, he was throwing shovelfuls of coke into the furnace, just like I've seen steelworkers do in Gary, Indiana, and one thing became very clear in the first few minutes of our conversation with him. "He plays his role eagerly, enthusiastically, as younger men play basketball or soccer." "Our only problem," said Ivan, "is that there is no television available now. We plan to buy a set by the end of the year when a TV station is supposed to begin operating." My heart went out to him, but then if that is his only problem, like he said, he doesn't need my sympathy. I don't know anybody in America with only one problem.

The nicest part, though, was when we had finished visiting all the eleven people on our list, and sat down with Mr. Jorden to talk it all over. As usual, he was very modest, and didn't stress any of his own opinions (in fact, I wondered sometimes whether Mr. Jorden *has* any opinions), but just helped us draw some conclusions from what we had seen. These, as I jotted them down in my little book, were:

1. The people we saw seemed "fairly content with their living conditions," which I guess is about all you can say about Americans too.

2. They were "ill-informed about conditions in other countries. Most of them had no idea how persons doing their kind of work in the United States or Western Europe live."

3. Some of the people we met were "curious about the United States and about conditions there," especially "such matters as unemployment, treatment of Negroes, and the possibility of war."

So I knew—both from what I had seen and what had happened to *me* from seeing it—what Mr. Jorden meant when he said: 'If more Rus-

(*Continued on p. 203*)

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Can Congressional Investigations Survive Watkins?

A former counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee explains why the Watkins case cripples Congress in a new and peculiarly deadly way

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

As Associate Counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee during the eighteen months ending in August, I was able to study at close quarters the impact of recent Supreme Court decisions on congressional investigations of Communism. For a time it was possible to contend that the Court was concerned only with erecting additional procedural "safeguards." But in *United States* v. *Watkins,* handed down just two months ago, the Eisenhower Court revealed a deadly purpose. Today the issue is no longer the much-belabored "methods" of the committees, but their authority to ask questions—in effect, their very right to exist. The benign judicial gaze has become a glare.

One must bear in mind that every congressional investigating committee is created by a resolution of the Senate or House, authorizing it to investigate designated subjects. Once created, the committee proceeds by asking questions of persons who have the information Congress wants. This means, when investigations of Communism are concerned, interrogating those most conversant with current Communist practices: the Communists themselves.

The classic rejoinder of the Communists was to invoke the Fifth Amendment—to swear that a truthful answer would tend to incriminate them. But despite the frequency with which Communists used the Fifth Amendment, they never learned to enjoy it. The trouble was that Congress and the public had seen through the device, and its use by Communists gave rise to inimical legislation. Moreover, invoking the Fifth Amendment on Party membership or related questions invited considerable social and economic penalties—the loss of friends, the loss of one's job, etc. This year, for example, Western Union and RCA suspended several employees who invoked the Fifth, and the International Association of Machinists followed suit. Such consequences explain why Communist witnesses so often and so ostentatiously invoked the First (free speech) Amendment along with the Fifth, hoping to dilute the taste of the latter. (One agitated recalcitrant recently went so far as to cite not only the First and Fifth Amendments but the entire Bill of Rights and the 39th article of Magna Carta.)

Practical Business

Even so, the Communists—at least the known Communists—almost never failed to take the Fifth, for practical reasons. Being a busy little conspiracy with a world to win, Communism cannot afford to let many of its limited number of agents languish indefinitely in federal jails, paying the penalty for perjury or for a theatrical gesture of contempt of Congress.

The only exception to this rule was the Communist who was so well camouflaged that the Party was willing to run the calculated risk of a contempt prosecution rather than expose him to the social dangers involved in pleading the Fifth. In such cases (the classic one is Alger Hiss) the witness would often simply lie to the committee, and gamble that there wasn't enough usable evidence to put him in jail. Or if this was deemed too risky, he could decline to answer on some ground *other* than the Fifth (the more idealistic, the better). In doing so, the concealed Communist banked on becoming indistinguishable from those chronic rampart watchers of our liberties who, having no urgent need to stay out of jail, will court contempt proceedings for the sheer thrill of defying a McCarthy or a Walter or an Eastland. Moreover, even if prosecution for perjury or contempt ensued, it was always possible that the witness might win an acquittal by inducing some helpful judge to find a "defect" in the procedure of the hearing or hold that the committee had overstepped its authorized jurisdiction. (Former Harvard professor Leon Kamin was the beneficiary of this sort of luck.)

Nevertheless, the Fifth Amendment remained, for the reasons I have outlined, the staple diet of most Communists appearing before congressional committees. And so well settled did the law on these subjects become that a sort of rough *modus vivendi* was ultimately achieved between the committees and the handful of attorneys who represent most Communists summoned to testify. The committee members could be depended on to insist that the witness who refused to answer questions must explicitly invoke the Fifth or face contempt proceedings; and the Party's attorneys would, in turn, prepare their clients to comply, as succinctly as possible.

Ironically, it took a Liberal to perceive that the Eisenhower Court could be induced to furnish the Communists an escape from this monotonous predicament—an escape that not even their own able lawyers had ever dreamed possible. The man of destiny was the irrepressible Joe Rauh, recognizable as head of the ADA and, by those who know the

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great story of Paul Hughes, as chief paymaster to anti-McCarthy confidence men. Representing John Watkins, a disillusioned laborer in the Red vineyards with a tender solicitude for the privacy of his former comrades, Rauh convinced the Court that Watkins should not be compelled to tell the House Committee on Un-American Activities the names of persons he had known as Communists, for a new and ingenious reason.

Mr. Rauh did not seek acquittal for his client on the familiar ground that there had been a defect in the Committee's procedure; indeed, the Committee's procedure was impeccable. Nor did Mr. Rauh reiterate the old argument (most often employed against McCarthy's Government Operations Committee) that the Committee had gone beyond the scope of the authority conferred upon it by its parent body.

Chief Justice Warren

Chief Justice Warren, finding for the defendant, explained the Court's (and Rauh's) reasoning as follows:

> It would be difficult to imagine a less explicit authorizing resolution [than that of the House Committee on Un-American Activities]. Who can define the meaning of "un-American"? . . . The Committee is allowed, in essence, to define its own authority, to choose the direction and focus of its activity. . . Yet it is impossible in this circumstance, with constitutional fredom in jeopardy, to declare that the Committee has ranged beyond the area committed to it by its parent assembly because the boundaries are so nebulous.

Whatever else may be said of these comments, they at least have the merit of candor. Finding itself thwarted in upholding the customary objection that the Committee had overstepped its authorized jurisdiction, the Court instead asserts that *the limits of the Committee's jurisdiction are too vaguely defined.* To cure this situation, Chief Justice Warren proceeded to lay down a new and sweeping rule:

> Protected freedoms should not be placed in danger in the absence of a clear determination by the House or Senate that a particular inquiry is justified by a specific legislative need.

Mr. Warren's Opinion Vague

There is the nub of the *Watkins* case, and its meaning is simple: unless the House of Representatives is willing to engage in major surgery (for example, limiting the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court), it must redefine the mandate of its Committee on Un-American Activities and, to a considerable extent, narrow its scope, or risk successful defiance of any question it asks.

But just how much, and how, must the Committee's mandate be narrowed to satisfy the Court? Does the language last quoted mean that the *whole House* must officially approve, in advance, every investigation initiated by the Committee, relating and limiting it expressly to some "specific legislative need"? Lawyers who frequently represent Communists before the Committee have seriously advanced this argument, citing as a precedent the Senate's resolution creating its select committee on labor racketeering. But on this question Chief Justice Warren's opinion is afflicted with that very vagueness it condemns:

> It is, of course, not the function of this Court to prescribe rigid rules for the Congress to follow in drafting resolutions establishing investigating committees. That is a matter peculiarly within the realm of the legislature, and its decisions will be accepted by the courts *up to the point where* [*the court's*] *own duty to enforce the constitutionally protected rights of individuals is affected.*

What that point is, the distinguished Chief Justice does not say.

The House of Representatives is thus left to play a variant of "Twenty Questions" with the Supreme Court, in which the Court knows what sort of mandate it would deem satisfactory, but won't tell. The House can only keep on guessing—drafting and passing successive resolutions, hearing recalcitrant witnesses challenge them, citing these witnesses for contempt, and taking each case all the way to the Supreme Court, until some mandate, in some distant hereafter, is at last held sufficiently narrow.

And even that will be only a hollow victory, because the power to define will bring in its wake the

Joseph L. Rauh, Jr.

power to exclude. The Liberal majority on the Court will at last be in a position to argue, as it now bitterly protests it cannot, "that the Committee has ranged beyond the area committed to it by its parent assembly."

The superficial orderliness of the procedure thus proposed may be pleasing to law professors, but it would be hard to imagine a decision better calculated to make a shambles of congressional investigations. Until some new mandate wins the Court's approval, the House Committee on Un-American Activities is at the mercy of any suspected Communist it wishes to question. He can refuse to testify and simply cite the *Watkins* decision. To the untrained eye, he will be indistinguishable from any non-Communist who exuberantly chooses to thumb his nose at the Committee by challenging its questions on the same ground.

Take, for instance, a hypothetical case of a woman Communist who over the years has acquired a prominent position in, let us say, the Parent-Teacher Association. If she had been summoned before the House Committee prior to the *Watkins* case, she was obliged either to tell the truth, or commit perjury or contempt

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(and risk prosecution), or invoke the Fifth Amendment. If she took the Fifth, her influence, let alone her position in the PTA, was ended. Today, she has another and more appealing alternative: she can challenge the jurisdiction of the Committee on the ground of the *Watkins* decision, yet hope to suffer no graver ill effects than those occasioned by overindulgence at testimonial dinners in her honor. To be sure, there will always be those, in and out of her PTA chapter, who deem refusal to cooperate with the House Committee objectionable, even when the ground for refusing is not the Fifth Amendment but the advice of the Chief Justice of the United States. But no one who saw how hard (and, as it proved, how unnecessarily) the Communists and their apologists labored to dignify the pleading of the Fifth Amendment can doubt that a plea of the *Watkins* case will be hailed by many as the only patriotic course of action.

Decisions to Come?

Although this is perhaps the most immediate effect of the *Watkins* decision, no discussion of it would be complete without some mention of the numerous *dicta* it contains—statements not necessary to the Court's holding, but indicative of its attitude. Such *dicta* often foreshadow decisions yet to come, and if this rule holds true for *Watkins* we are in for some rude shocks.

Leaving aside the learned small-talk about Titus Oates and George III, and the toothsomeness of the statements about "abuses of the investigative process" (passages that will be quoted in the next ten million briefs filed by Communists in the federal courts), there are sentences that seem frankly designed as the basis for decisions still to come. Perhaps the most striking is the phrase ". . . nor can the First Amendment freedoms of speech, press, religion, or political belief or association be abridged." Now it is a fact that while the classic freedoms of speech, press, religion and assembly are expressly protected by the First Amendment, "political belief or association" is not. The Court has simply added the latter to the former; and, since this was not necessary to the argument in the *Watkins* case, we can only assume that the Court is here staking out new territory, to be cultivated and brought to bloom in future months and years.

Meanwhile, the technique by which the *Watkins* case crippled the House Committee has already been used by one lower federal court to hobble the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee.

Judge Luther Youngdahl of the federal bench in the District of Columbia, who two years ago dismissed the larger part of two successive perjury indictments against Owen Lattimore, recently felt obliged to find Seymour Peck, a desk man on the *New York Times Magazine*, guilty of contempt for refusing (on grounds other than the Fifth) to name his former colleagues in the Communist Party. But the moment the *Watkins* decision was handed down, invalidating the House Committee's mandate, Judge Youngdahl, perceiving identical shortcomings in the mandate of the Senate Subcommittee, reversed his own previous decision and freed Peck.

Calculated Risks

The Peck decision is still to be passed upon by the Supreme Court, before which attorneys for the Justice Department will argue to set it aside. Until the Supreme Court acts, therefore, it remains a risky business for refractory witnesses to plead anything but the Fifth before the Senate Subcommittee. The speculation on this subject, by the lawyers who regularly practice before it, is revealing. Joe Rauh, transported by his success, has already indicated that his clients will, before the Senate Subcommittee as in the House, eschew the Fifth Amendment, gambling that the Supreme Court will agree with Judge Youngdahl and find the Senate mandate intolerably vague.

The Communist Party's talented legal battery, on the other hand, is more conservative. Immediately after the *Watkins* decision, two of their witnesses refused to answer questions put by the Senate Subcommittee, protesting that its mandate was too obscure. Subsequent witnesses, however, have reverted to the safer, if less heroic, policy of invoking the Fifth. This suggests that the Party, while eager for a test case, is not yet willing to bet its entire bankroll on the chance that the Internal Security Subcommittee's mandate will be invalidated.

Since the Party has its own ways of knowing what is, and is not, likely to happen, this is perhaps a hopeful sign. Much certainly depends on the outcome. A few months ago, during the particularly savage public attack on the Internal Security Subcommittee that followed Herbert Norman's suicide, a high representative of one of the nation's most respected intelligence organizations said to me, "Our work is carried on quietly, out of sight. We see much, but can say nothing. Your Subcommittee and the House Committee are the only two organizations currently presenting the viewpoint of intelligence agencies to the American people. America can't afford to lose them."

America will lose much more besides, if *Watkins* is allowed to stand.

THE LIBERAL LINE

(*Continued from p. 200*)

sians and Americans could get to know a little more about each other, it might help in some small way to ease the bitterness and suspicion that have dominated their relations in recent years." Like I said, he didn't try to influence us one little bit, but I couldn't help thinking to myself, Isn't it wonderful how when you get better-informed, by travel and by reading the news columns of the *Times*, you find that you are more and more in favor of what the *Times* supports, and more and more against what it opposes? Never again will I object to paying taxes to increase the budget of the Voice of America, so that the Russians can learn more about us as I now know more about them. And I am going to write my Congressman about how he must repeal that finger-printing law, and all the other barriers to visits back and forth—you know, cultural exchanges. Who wants bitterness and suspicion to dominate relations?

It's like it says in the current *Times* billboards. The better-informed I get, and the more I agree with other well-informed people, the more interesting I am. To myself, anyhow.

Sincerely,

Geraldine

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The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

After-Effects of Hungary

After the physical suppression of the Hungarian revolt last autumn, there was much speculation and some prophecy about what psychological effect its story would have on the fortunes of World Communism. Opinions ranged from Djilas' prediction that the revolt "marked the beginning of the end of Communism" to the despairing belief of some that the revolt's failure ended any hope of stopping Communism's march to total victory.

With ten months gone by, we can now check by evidence.

West and East

Reviewing the post-Hungary course of the Communist world organization in the non-Communist world, a striking double fact becomes quickly apparent. The organization has lost heavily in many Western nations, and has made no appreciable gains in any Western nation. But it has notably advanced in several non-Western nations, and, so far as I can discover, has suffered no big loss anywhere outside of the West.

I am not here trying to evaluate Communist "influence" or "power" in any general sense, nor am I making any reference to covert espionage units. I am talking only about Communist political organizations, and it is an undeniable fact that in most of the West these have weakened during 1957 not by one or two per cent but by really major fractions.

Party membership is down 20 per cent or more nearly everywhere in Europe; in some countries, such as Belgium, by 50 per cent. Here in the United States there are hardly more than 5,000 members left from a total of 70,000 a few years back. In the elections that have been held this year the Communist vote is way down: more than 25 per cent off, for example, in Denmark. In northern Italy the Communists lost control of the major trade unions in Milan, Turin and other industrial cities. In all Western nations the circulation of the Party newspapers, including such powerful mass journals as the French *L'Humanité* and the Italian *L'Unitá*, has dropped to less than half of what it was a couple of years ago. In Italy, France and England, scores of the many writers, artists and intellectuals who were Party members or fellow-travelers have moved away from Communism.

The Hungarian revolt was not the sole cause of these losses. They were in part consequences of the de-Stalinization exposures and of still longer-term developments. But the specific circumstances and the timing of many of the defections prove that Hungary was a prominent and often a deciding factor.

In the East a Rising

In Asia and Africa we can observe no similar effect: rather, the contrary. Nearly everywhere in both Asia and Africa, Communist organizations have made major advances. In the Indian general elections this year, the Communists increased their vote in all but two states, and emerged as the largest opposition party. In Bengal, the key industrial state that includes Calcutta, the Communist vote was up 125 per cent. In the southern state of Kerala, the Communist Party now rules the local government and is consolidating the social structure of its first territorial base in India—its potential Indian Yenan.

In Java, which contains more than three fourths of the population of Indonesia, the Communists have won spectacular electoral victories this summer, gaining pluralities in the three principal cities. Laos and Malaya have just reported new Communist gains. In much of central Africa, both east and west, Communist activities, though still in an early phase, have been stepped up. The new nation of Ghana is a particular target. In Japan the Communists have had considerable success with anti-American and anti-nuclear campaigns. In Okinawa they hold a controlling electoral plurality. Even in Formosa, South Korea and the Philippines there has been, for the first time in some years, successful public action by the local Communists. As for the Middle East, the current headlines on Syria proclaim one of their most notable 1957 advances.

The Double Paradox

Whatever the total explanation may be, the evidence thus shows that within the Western world the repercussions of the Hungarian revolt set into motion the sharpest relative decline in organized Communist political strength that has ever occurred within a single year; whereas in the East the revolt had, apparently, no dampening effect whatever. Mass opinion in the East, if not positively attracted by what the Hungarian events revealed about the nature, method and prospects of Communism, was indifferent. We seem to find here one more confirmation of the fact that the "historical meaning" of Communism to the peoples of Asia and Africa is something quite different from its meaning to the West.

There is a neat doubling of the paradox. In this same year of 1957, while the organized Communist movement has been falling off so rapidly in the West, a Soviet-appeasing mood has markedly expanded in the Western leaders, very conspicuously in the American President, leader of the West's leaders. But as the Communist organization has swept ahead in the East, some of the Eastern leaders most friendly heretofore with Moscow have begun, rather openly, to cool. Nehru himself has shown an unaccustomed reserve this year about sounding off on international affairs. Even President Sukarno, under whose beneficent eye the Indonesian Communists prospered, seems somewhat appalled by the election results. And the delegate of Ceylon's front government helped write the uncompromising UN Hungary Report.

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The Cossacks of Freewood Acres

In the flatlands of New Jersey an astonishing settlement of Russian DP's is flourishing and resisting Soviet "come home" propaganda, with the help of a former Cossack and his wife

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

As a news story it rates a couple of paragraphs, no more. A brief announcement that a Russian refugee has freely decided to return to the Soviet Union: he wishes to rejoin the wife, the mother, the child he has not seen for a number of years. He is, to be sure, escorted to the ship or plane by a member of the Soviet Embassy. But there is no evidence of physical coercion, and all American officials can do is to make sure he knows what he may face when he arrives in the USSR.

There are not many of him. Of the hundreds of thousands of Iron Curtain refugees who have emigrated to the United States since 1947, an infinitesimal fraction have returned, or think of returning. Clearly, however, Soviet propagandists can, at will, put their finger on their runaway citizens in the United States, which means they have first class intelligence support, which in turn brings the matter within the purview of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee.

Recently, having learned that about a dozen Russian exiles living in and around Farmingdale, New Jersey, had decided to go back to the Soviet Union in the past six months, the Committee held hearings in New York and called as principal witness Mrs. Nicholas Korolkoff, the Austrian wife of a former Russian cavalry officer. The Korolkoffs have made their home in New Jersey for over twenty years and probably know the mentality of the new Soviet immigrant better than any one else in America. For eight years they have devoted every spare minute—they both hold full-time jobs—to helping resettle Soviet DP's in America. They have personally sponsored between 2,500 and 3,000 persons. (Neither the Korolkoffs nor the World Church Service, the Protestant refugee relief organization they work with, can fix the number exactly, but either figure is impressive.)

Mrs. Korolkoff was able to tell the Committee a great deal about this newest Soviet propaganda drive. Its appeal is to loneliness and homesickness rather than to fear. The people who are apt to succumb to it belong to a number of identifiable categories: first, misfits and neurotics, who never have been able to adjust to the new life in the new land; second, older people who yearn nostalgically for things associated with their youth and have an almost primitive urge to return to Mother Russia to die; finally—and most tragic—the young and active and strong, who return because someone they love is still in Russia and because it seems to them more important to rejoin that someone than to enjoy the new life they have earned in America.

Khrushchev Wants Them

Mrs. Korolkoff was able to outline for the committee the progression of events in these new style "redefections." One day a man gets a letter—correctly addressed, whatever effort he may have made to conceal his identity and his whereabouts. The writer is a member of his family, possibly one whom he had believed dead. After that first letter comes another, filled with affection, with family gossip, with kind messages from friends and neighbors. Then another and another. The letters assure him that everything is different now—now, that is, that Stalin lies in a dishonored grave. The refugee becomes pensive, silent. Bit by bit he withdraws from community activities. Then, one day, he writes the Soviet Embassy in Washington. He receives and fills out an 86-point questionnaire relating in detail all his activities since 1936. He returns it with two photographs, and a fee of $5.00 if he is a U.S. citizen, only $1.75 if he is not (a Soviet pinprick that Mrs. Korolkoff finds particularly galling). In a month or two, he is on his way.

There was, however, this big question that she could not answer: How can normal, well-balanced and intelligent human beings exchange willingly the life they are offered in America for misery, poverty and probable imprisonment in the Soviet Union?

She couldn't because she finds the whole business incomprehensible—as it will be to anyone who visits Freewood Acres, New Jersey, the astonishing Cossack settlement in the heart of New Jersey's poultry-raising flatlands. Why did Cossack refugees happen to settle there? Because that is where Mr. and Mrs. Korolkoff live. And because the Korolkoffs stepped forward when the World Church Service was looking for somebody to sponsor Soviet refugees in this country. (Under law, each immigrant must be sponsored by an individual, not by an organization). Since Nicholas Korolkoff himself is a Cossack, he naturally showed a greater interest in the Cossack exiles than in the other Soviet escapees.

Until 1952 the arrivals were few in number. But after the passage of the McCarran-Walter and the Refugee Relief Acts Cossacks turned up by the hundreds, and were fed, clothed, sheltered in the Korolkoff's own home and in a makeshift guest house. Jobs proved easy to find. Mrs. Korolkoff herself and a retired Ukrainian professor taught them English—until a $700 grant from the Ford Foundation which paid the professor's salary ran out. The

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Korolkoffs found lodgings for them, signed their leases, registered their children in school, visited them in the hospital when they were ill and arranged for their burials if they died.

Their Own Homes

That's the background story, but to get the full flavor of Freewood Acres one must see the homes, talk to the people, listen to their stories. The evening I was there, late in June, was hot and steamy; the unblinking sun casting a pitiless light on the bleak countryside with its flat, sandy soil and scrub oaks and stunted pines. Farmingdale itself is just a few miles inland, near Asbury Park, about forty-five miles from New York. Freewood Acres is a mile or so beyond and looks at first like a typical postwar housing development. The homes, like a hundred thousand you have seen, are neat and efficient, but utterly uninteresting architecturally. The mail boxes, however, bear names strange to our eyes and ears—names like Trubnikoff, Gloukoff. Bambushev—and one notices that there is no architectural cohesion about the houses, none of the sterile uniformity of the average mass-housing site. Many were put up with the cheapest materials possible by the men who live in them, the work being done at night and on week-ends.

The inevitable TV antennae are there, but not, surprisingly, the inevitable new car in front of every house. The DP's, one learns, would rather buy an older car and pay for it outright, or do without one, than buy a new car on time. But what strikes the eye most is the gardens: every inch of arable land around these homes is planted in vegetables and flowers. Instead of lawns, you see rows of tomatoes, lettuce and radishes. Mrs. Korolkoff says each DP family freezes and preserves the vegetables, and makes its own jams and jellies. It buys beef and pork on the hoof, does its own butchering and deep freezing —anything to save a penny. They are tight-fisted, saving folk, whom none is likely to teach anything about the art of stretching money. What they do have yet to learn, Mrs. Korolkoff says, is how to use money, American fashion, for their own enjoyment.

As we drive through Freewood Acres, the Korolkoffs have interesting things to say about particular houses. That square cement-block building belongs, or belonged, to the Nidzi brothers, two elderly refugees who returned to the Soviet Union two months ago. The garden is in ruins. . . . They gesture toward a good-sized home painted light green. "A beautiful home," Mrs. Korolkoff says, "and you know where the owner lives? In that pigpen in the back." The Cossack who built the house three years ago and outfitted it with refrigerator, deep freeze, central heating and every other modern convenience is still so proud of it he can't bear to let anyone, even himself, move in and wear off its pristine newness. . . . We catch a glimpse of an old, fat man, his stomach too much for his undershirt, hanging out his laundry, and they laugh heartily. "That rascal," they say, "imagine! He has had three wives (two without benefit of divorce)—one in Russia, one in Bulgaria and one in America. And still he must do his own laundry. Why? His American wife is in an asylum."

"She Will Never Come Back"

They think it will be interesting for me to see a man whose wife left him four months ago to return to Russia. Let us call him Dubrovnik, since he doesn't wish his own name to be used, or his case to be publicized. He is a carpenter and has done well. To all appearances, he and his wife were happy together—or had been until she began receiving letters from her two daughters by her former husband in Russia. The Dubrovniks had no children. The letters kept coming, each with a plea for Mrs. Dubrovnik to return, and one day she decided she must see those daughters of hers, so she went away.

The Dubrovniks' home, a few miles from Freewood Acres, is a 100-year-old farmhouse on a 20-acre tract. The house itself lies beyond the crest of a hill, at the end of a long, birch-bordered drive, and so is invisible from the main road. We turn in to the driveway, and find ourselves facing a padlocked gate that cries out at you how new it is. We learn later that Dubrovnik believes he is under surveillance by Soviet agents: when he leaves home, he draws a line in the sand so that he will know, on his return, whether any prowlers have invaded his privacy. Mr. Korolkoff goes in and fetches Dubrovnik, who climbs into our car and invites us to drive on to the house—a two-story, shingled affair that its former owners would never recognize, since from ground to eaves it is painted raspberry pink. (The triangle under the roof is kelly green, the shutters sky blue, and the shingled roof, midnight blue.)

Dubrovnik talks freely to the Korolkoffs about his wife, and finally, upon urging from them, produces her latest letter and hands it to Korolkoff to read. When Mr. Korolkoff stumbles over a word, Dubrovnik supplies it. Three or four times it happens, so he must know the letter by heart.

As we drive away, they tell me what the letter said. This is the substance of it. "Dear Husband: You must help me. You must go to a lawyer and sign a paper and ask for my return. You were right in what you told me. I am miserable. No one will speak to me. I have no friends. I can find no work. My daughter's husband has told her that she must choose between him and me. If you do not get the paper and let me leave this place, I will kill myself. . . ."

"She will never come back," says Mrs. Korolkoff. "No, she will never come back," he agrees. "It is four months already," he says, after a pause. In another two months, if the pattern holds true, Mrs. Dubrovnik will be en route to Siberia. Her husband will receive word that she has taken a job there. A ten-year job. Always a ten-year job.

And then they tell me what Soviet redefectors can expect. The Soviet government pays for their tickets and their other expenses home. Upon arrival, they are met at the train or plane by a happy family. Embraces. Toasts. Tears. The joyous reunion is followed by a family banquet, and all of it is written up. The photographs and stories appear in Soviet newspapers, in Communist papers abroad, and in the mail of Russian refugees all over the world, providing pictorial evidence that a Soviet exile can go home and live happily ever afterwards. But as soon as he has been wrung dry of his propaganda potential, the unhappy re-

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turnee is sent to Siberia for a ten-year stint in the mines or forests—whether under prison sentence or so-called labor contract makes little or no difference. The treatment is the same.

Cossack Traditions

We drive back to Freewood Acres to visit the Community Center and old men's home. It is run by the Welfare Cossacks DP's Association of America, which, it is hoped, will in time take over the responsibilities handled by the *stanitzas* back when the Cossacks controlled vast stretches of southeastern and southern Russia. Ownership of the land rested in the *stanitzas;* part of it was set aside for "community crops" that provided funds with which to discharge communal responsibilities.

In Freewood Acres, of course, that kind of set-up is out of the question. But the tradition is being followed in a limited way. The Community Center, typical of the *stanitzas,* has been built. There is a small office, where Mrs. Korolkoff works every Thursday afternoon and evening, a kitchenette, and an auditorium. Over the entrance of the auditorium hang bronze medallions—the crests of the various Cossack and Kalmuck clans now represented in Farmingdale. One shows a running deer with an arrow in its side and bears the legend: "No matter how fleet the deer, a Cossack's arrow is swifter."

Next to the Community Center is the old men's home, a one-story white stucco house divided into two sections. One side has two double bedrooms, living room, hallway and kitchen and provides a roof for four elderly unmarried men. The second section, much smaller, a tiny apartment with kitchenette and bedroom-living room, belong to the General. The General, 86 years old, is the pride of the community. A small, round-faced man, with penetrating blue eyes and a snow-white goatee, he walks vigorously and speaks with decision. He settled in Bulgaria after the first World War and became a refugee from Communism a second time after World War Two, arriving in the United States in the late forties. He wasn't too proud to work as a laborer on a chicken farm for seven years, and for three years after that he peeled potatoes in the kitchen of a sanatorium (this earned him social security status and a $30 a month pension, to which the Community adds his lodging and another $30 a month).

We knock on his door and the General asks us in. He speaks little or no English—or is it shyness?—but brings me a faded photograph of a parading unit on review, and a magnifying glass. He points to a uniformed young man and asks Mrs. Korolkoff to tell me that it is a picture of himself taken in 1897.

Outside, in the gathering dusk we run into four-ninths of a baseball team. The players, two of them blond, all of them freckled-faced, and none over twelve, are jubilant. They have just scored a 19-0 shutout over a neighborhood team and are eager for us to know that they are unbeaten this season. These Americanized sons of Cossack horsemen wear red-piped grey uniforms and blue caps, the gift of their manager, whom they identify merely as "Mat."

It is late, but Mr. Korolkoff insists that we stop once more—this time at a house we passed earlier, so that I already know the story of the young couple who own it. They are both Cossacks. Both were brought up on Soviet collective farms. During the war, they and their families greeted the German armies as liberators, and thousands of Cossacks enlisted in the Nazi army to fight Soviet tyranny. Germany promised, in exchange for this help, to resettle them as a united people; it sent thousands of them to Italy, evacuated Italian families from a number of villages and towns in the north, and moved the Cossacks in. This, as even the Germans might have expected, was resented by the Italians—particularly those who had been dispossessed—and the Cossack settlers were caught in the cross-fire between Italian partisans and the German troops sent to protect them. When Germany finally pulled her armies out of Italy, the Cossacks packed up and left too. Thousands of them, men, women and children, trekked across the Alps and wept with joy upon reaching Austrian soil and, as they thought, safety. They were at Lenz when the terms of the Yalta Agreement were announced, with the infamous clause providing for the repatriation of escaped Soviet citizens. British troops helped Russian soldiers round up 48,000 of these unfortunates for shipment "home." What happened to most of them no one knows to this day. But the fate of at least one of their leaders is known. Soviet executioners rammed a butcher's hook through his jaw and hung him up in a public square. He was three days dying.

Five Years Later

The girl we were about to visit was one of the handful of Cossacks who escaped the Lenz roundup. Mrs. Korolkoff tells me that when these two (they had been married in a DP camp), first arrived at her house the girl refused to come to the table and eat with them. "I thought she didn't like my food." But it wasn't that. The two young people had been brought up in a Soviet kolkhoz, where they had worked, lived and eaten like beasts. They were embarrassed because they didn't know how to handle a knife or fork after years of spooning their meals out of bowls.

That was less than five years ago. The house we visit has a two-car garage with two cars in it, both paid for. It has a front porch, a living room, a dining room, kitchen, three bedrooms and a bathroom. It is the third house this boy and his two brothers, also master carpenters, have built, and it is for sale. The young Cossacks plan to build themselves a fourth house, larger still, in the near future. They are watching television as we come in. The boy—he is 34, but looks ten years younger—is sitting on the couch in his bare feet and undershirt. She is wearing a simple cotton skirt and blouse. They greet us hospitably, although it is nearly eleven—invite us in and he rushes to fix drinks while she brings up a plate of cookies and candies.

As we sit on the edge of the heavy, but good, overstuffed arm chairs and sofa, Mrs. Korolkoff asks them the question she has put to every one else we have seen. Would you ever go back to Russia? They just laugh. Can you explain why anyone goes back? A shrug of the shoulders. It is the same answer we have had all evening long. Go back to Russia now? Under a Soviet regime? To most of the Cossacks of Freewood Acres, it's not even worth discussing.

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Europe in the Fall

The summer is drawing to a close and the political events scheduled for the fall are getting into focus. Tourism during the season has reached new heights, but the bigger influx of Americans merely made itself felt in the general statistics, since the increase of travellers has been predominantly "local." Europeans are notoriously much worse paid than Americans of corresponding social standing, but they usually have greater security in their jobs and much longer vacations. Thus the standard procedure on the Continent, during the summer months, is a mass exodus of entire families who take abode in villages, frequently renting rooms from peasants. "Camps" for children are still comparatively rare.

Still, the sociological and national structure of the tourist traffic has changed materially in the last twenty years. The new prosperity has put cars within reach of vast numbers; there are even European workers who own one these days. Foreign travel, once a privilege of the higher and middle strata, is now general. In the German-speaking countries it bears the official label of *Sozialtourismus* and is organized by trade unions, clubs, workshops, etc.

Thus the very character of the tourist has changed. The *Milord Anglais,* once beloved as a tourist because of his liberality, has almost totally disappeared from the scene and has been replaced by thousands of (predominantly female) representatives of the lower classes, dotting the Continental landscape and dropping their "h"-s along highways and byways. The German tourist is more in evidence than ever before. A newcomer is the Italian tourist, and it is a sign of the times that one finds in Italian churches posters of travel organizations advertising pilgrimages to the deserted or secularized Catholic shrines of Scandinavia. This "inverse direction" was unheard of twenty years ago, but today the lira, though pegged at a low level, is one of the stablest currencies in Europe. The French franc cannot compete in "hardness" with the lira, but nothing seems to deter the modern Frenchman from travelling in every imaginable direction. Even this is a revolutionary development, since the older generation was convinced that, outside of France, life was not worth living. Curiously enough, the vast stream of French tourists is directed mainly toward Germany and Austria where, even after the recent devaluation of the franc, life is cheaper than in France. (Last week, during a drive from the Austrian border to Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Bavaria, I counted no less than 42 per cent of French cars.) It is not only that travel is cheap in Germany and that Frenchmen no longer need a passport for that country (the *carte d'identité,* which everyone must have, suffices): The French are also moved by curiosity about the character of their "hereditary enemy's" lair and by the growing feeling that, for better or for worse, Europeans have to draw together. Germans, less sensitive and less bashful, have been invading France for some time.

The German Elections

While the French tourists gape at the architectural riches of Germany which survived World War II, while they critically sample the German cuisine and get the surprise of their lives when they discover the amenities of German wine cellars, Germany's battle for September 15 is getting under way. We see the repetition of a phenomenon familiar from the last elections. At first the various Gallup-type pollsters predicted Adenauer's defeat; but on the strength of the new figures produced week by week as the election approaches, they have had to correct their initial forecasts. At present the superiority of the government coalition over the Social Democrats is so great that only the most spectacular, unexpected events can destroy Adenauer's chances.

The Germans, not unlike other nations, are "anti-government" at heart. Though the pro-government element, in a wave of hysteria, might become abnormally large, it would then provoke the rise of a fanatic anti-Government minority. (In what other country could one imagine a situation where the chief of counter-espionage —I refer to Admiral Canaris—works for the military defeat of his own country?) Behind the mask of discipline there beats in the breast of the German a curiously unruly heart.

At the moment the opposition to Bonn is strong, and there is a fair amount of more or less camouflaged "anti-clericalism." Yet there is also an increasing hesitancy. The Adenauer Government has "delivered the goods" most beautifully, has lifted Germany from a position of total isolation, contempt and material decay to one of real moral and economic prestige. This position the average German is most unwilling to risk. The switch from Adenauer to Ollenhauer would amount to a dive into the dark unknown. The CDU propagandists are using a ditty which goes: "*Waehlt den Ollen, waehlt den Ollen, waehlt den ollen Adenauer*" ("vote for the old, old, old, Adenauer"), making a play on the patois word *ollen* (old one).

Socialist propaganda has been rather inept. Khrushchev's speeches in East Berlin were directed against Adenauer and designed to make the West Germans, who are eager for reunion, vote for Ollenhauer. There can be little doubt that Khrushchev spoke in "good faith," that he really wanted to give aid and comfort to the Socialists, who for their part are desperate about such "help" and insinuate that Khrushchev is out to keep Adenauer in power. They are, moreover, eager to exploit "anti-clerical" sentiment against the CDU and at the same time to whittle down Catholic (and Protestant) ecclesiastic "prejudice" against themselves. The same ambiguous attitude prevails in the matter of private enterprise, European integration, and the free market economy. The saying about "wanting to eat one's cake and have it too" is unknown in Germany. It would apply perfectly to the Social Democrats.

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The Open Question

Mr. Bozell Dissents from the Views Expressed in the Editorial, "Why the South Must Prevail"

L. BRENT BOZELL

This magazine has expressed views on the racial question that I consider dead wrong, and capable of doing grave hurt to the promotion of conservative causes. The editorial, "Why the South Must Prevail," in the August 24 issue, contended that since the "cultural superiority" of the White over the Negro race is "a fact," the White community in the South may therefore "take whatever measures are necessary"—concretely, restriction of the Negro franchise—"to make certain that it has its way. . . . The question, as far as the White community is concerned, is whether the claims of civilization supersede those of universal suffrage."

Granting that the problem for the South is one of weighing one set of claims against another,[1] has NATIONAL REVIEW fairly defined the respective claims? On one side, the evidence is far from conclusive that Southern civilization hangs on the thread of Negro disfranchisement, or even that White Southerners believe it does. Are we not assured that Negroes, equally with Whites, endorse the principle of racial segregation? And by the same people, for the most part, who cite Negro voting as a threat to the segregation system? It is understandable that White Southerners should try to have it both ways—they can't *know* what would happen should Negroes begin to vote, and they naturally want to cover their bet. But by the same token, the South is still somewhere this side of Armageddon: the White community is not asserting the right to save itself, but the right to fend off circumstances under which its survival might be challenged.

Now, to permit the South to avoid running risks, what conflicting claims must give way? Those of universal suffrage, NATIONAL REVIEW suggests. If that were true, I would hold my peace, but a breath earlier the editorial concedes that much more is at stake than the theory of universal suffrage. There is a law involved, and a Constitution, and the editorial gives White Southerners leave to violate them both in order to keep the Negro politically impotent. If a Negro votes—*i.e.*, if specious qualification tests and personal harassment (also approved, presumably) fail to keep him from the polls—the White election official may refuse to count his vote; if the official is caught and hauled into court, the judge and jury may "modify or waive the law," as needed, **to get him off. The Constitution**, the editorial is saying, must also go hang—**the Fifteenth Amendment** is not mentioned, but familiarity with it may be assumed.

By resolving the South's dilemma in this way, the editorial calls up the question of how seriously NATIONAL REVIEW takes the law and the Constitution. I had always thought our position to be that observance of and respect for both is indispensable for the well-ordered society, and a minimal requirement for the preservation of conservative values. I had understood us to be telling Supreme Courts and Presidents and legislatures and their Liberal advisers out over the land that, except for transcendent reasons of conscience, the American system does not permit private judgment as to whether the Constitution and valid laws should be obeyed. Interposition, yes; the Constitution contemplates no final arbiter of its meaning, and therefore, in the doubtful case, one may choose, as NATIONAL REVIEW has done, between the views of the State of Georgia and those of the Supreme Court, depending upon one's own lights. But where the law is clear, as in the case of the Fifteenth Amendment, I have never doubted that NATIONAL REVIEW and persons whose objectives we approve were, equally with the Establishment, bound to **conform.**

This position does not imply that the Constitution, in all its parts, codifies the Natural Law; or that all laws are wise. It emphasizes, rather, the utility of obedience for the promotion of values we embrace. Not every constitution, to be sure, would justify this attitude. But the American Constitution is sufficiently on the side of conservative values—and the chances of replacing it with something better, sufficiently remote—to recommend a general commitment to the Constitution as the proper basis for governing our society. Now, that commitment ceases to be exploitable on behalf of conservative values when exceptions are made, when we begin to pick and choose between constitutional provisions and laws we like and those we don't, when instead of urging repeal of those we don't like, we condone violation of them.

I concede that consistent application of this principle presents difficulties. It does for me because I jaywalk frequently and do not plan to settle for 3.2 beer in Washington State the next time I go there. Very well; lines must be drawn that leave me in the state of grace, yet preserve NATIONAL REVIEW's transgression.

Two guideposts are obvious: the Constitution is in a different class from ordinary laws, and official conduct is in a different class from private conduct. From there, I suggest the following: 1) no one, individuals or official bodies, should violate the Constitution; 2) individuals may violate ordinary laws in minor matters, where injury to others is unlikely, and where others are not incited thereby to lawlessness in general; 3) official bodies (e.g., judges and juries) should not violate even ordinary laws; 4) violation of the Constitution or of the laws—either by individuals or official bodies—should never be encouraged or condoned in the mass media. I would accept any number of refinements to this formula as long as the objective here is acknowledged: to encourage as much private judgment as is consistent with preserving respect for the rules under which society is organized and governed. I repeat—it is not the sanctity, but the majesty of the Law that wants affirmation. I hope that NATIONAL REVIEW will so affirm. For I doubt that we can successfully do battle against the Establishment while our allegiance to the Constitution is an "open question."

(*See p. 199 for editorial comment*)

[1]For reasons of space, I must reserve comment on some of the editorial's premises, with which I profoundly disagree.

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ARTS and MANNERS

GARRY WILLS

A Spiritual Aeneas

The most lively of men is dead, a clergyman who taught those of his own faith, a master of English who enriched that richest of all languages, a man who enriched our lives. He represented not only Catholicism, but all our Hellenic and Western traditions. Instinct rightly led him to call the story of his early life *A Spiritual Aeneid*: with Virgil he sailed to Rome, and with St. Peter found it. A classical scholar and brilliant author, he became an Anglican clergyman. Later, as a Catholic convert, he continued his pastoral work, writing, preaching and debating, work which was rewarded with the title of Monsignor. Then, though none of these activities was interrupted until the day, last week, of his death, he crowned his efforts with a supreme, fifteen-year labor of Biblical translation and commentary, learned, literary, and with that mark on it of genius which cannot be analyzed. And beneath and around all these major landmarks of his life rippled the quips, satires, detective novels and limericks—effortlessly produced, and endlessly—which endeared him to all who knew him.

He Spoke to All

Some one suggested that the title page of his Bible be adorned with: Translated by Ronald A. Knox, Author of *The Viaduct Murder*. It would no longer be funny, or even respectful, to say the same thing deserves to be on his tomb; but it is true. His learning and serious literary merit will remain obvious, for all his efforts to disguise them; but men may forget, as some already have, that the priest wrote detective stories, that the theologian was an addict of Latin limericks, that the famous translator once proved, with a Poe's ability at cryptograms and a Swift's at satire, that Queen Elizabeth wrote *In Memoriam*. This man, so revered now, was rebuked in his younger days for being a clerical sensationalist and mere entertainer, because he had the truly cultured man's ability to speak to all other men, whatever their milieu. More learned than dons—far wiser for not being donnish—he was a teacher, one of a great didactic tradition, who could illumine the Mass to a group of schoolgirls or a text to serious literary scholars.

Wit sparkled over everything he put his hand to, as learning lit it from within; only the witless claimed that his brilliance came merely from wit, from the surface sparkle and love of fun. His life is important for this combination, and *mutual reinforcement*. of qualities our fragmented world normally contrasts. He was a *total* man, who could combine the truth man lives by with the whimsy he needs, who could touch other minds on all levels. Yet despite this open human warmth, he had the English restraint about his personal life and feelings. His autobiography, an analysis of intellectual difficulties and progress, is written in the most severely guarded prose, so that only the lines he chooses from Virgil reveal (though with amazing eloquence) his inner struggle. His sermons and writings, for all their sincerity, are "for the public," and it was only in quoting others that he again revealed his personal depths of emotion, in the beautiful cadences of his Bible: "Like a cloud dislimned in passing, man goes to his grave. . . . I, so soon, shall be lying in the dust, missing at my post, as Thou makest Thy rounds at dawn."

Deep Roots

Though his writings prove him a man very sensitive, he bears witness to our heritage not—as most great humans must—by suffering and trial. He was a man of tradition, active and articulate—a thing not lightly forgiven one today; yet no one could resist his charm, or the unfailing geniality which accompanied his incisive polemic. He wielded with great humanity the two edges of Truth, winning friends and debates in the same stroke. A lover of humor, the humanities, *and humans,* he made real the literary and educational theories of the past.

Virgil and Jeremiah were equally familiar to him, as they were to his great predecessor, Jerome, who wrought the Latin Vulgate. Those who deplore Monsignor Knox's lack of Oriental scholarship, and regret that the most beautiful modern translation of the Bible is from the Latin and Greek, not from the original, miss this fact: Knox represents a Christianity with a tradition, one integrated into, and absorbing, our history. No one in this man's vast shadow can say that this is a narrowing thing; all loftiness spreads from deep roots. He had them; they are ours. He represents not only a large and genial English tradition (that, truly, of a *merry* England, for he was ever mirthful), but, more vast, a European ideal of sensitive articulation, of *homo loquens*. He was, to his depths, man speaking; and can never be silent.

A Total Man

A man passionately interested in men, allowing for their temperaments and sympathizing with their weaknesses . . . distinguished by that gift of self-criticism and of irony which we call nowadays, roughly, the sense of humour . . . All that enlargement of outlook, backwards, outwards, inwards, makes him one of the moderns. If he lived in our own day—let us put it crudely—you can imagine him arguing over Plato with Dean Inge, or constructing imaginary worlds with Mr. H. G. Wells, or answering jest with jest, irony with irony, in a conversation with Mr. Bernard Shaw . . . . our own fellow-countryman, who knew how to absorb all that was best in the restless culture of his day, yet knew at once, when the time came, that he must make a stand here; that he must give no quarter to the modern world.

Ronald Knox of Thomas More

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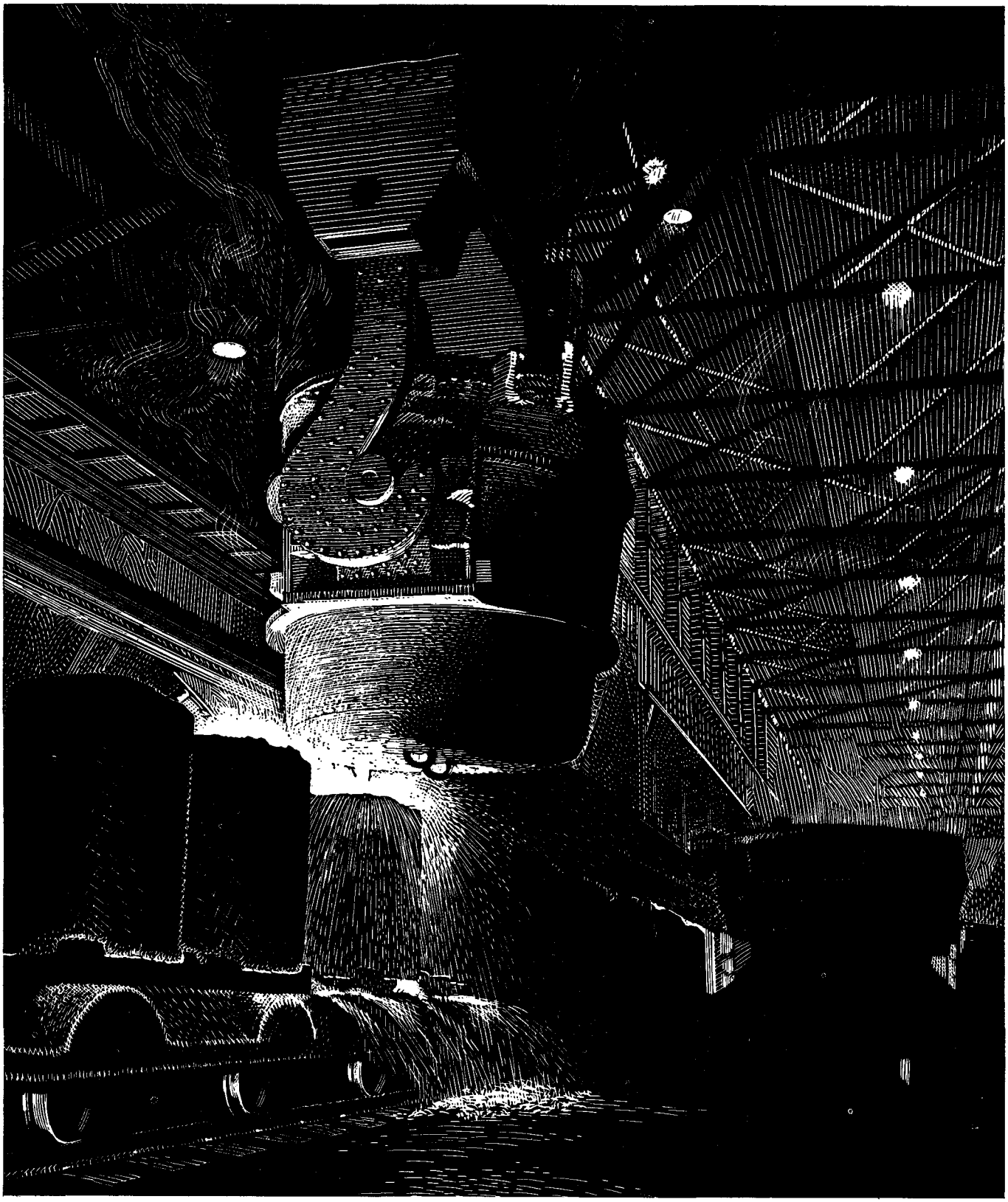

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Why Johnny Can't Do Nothing

WILLMOORE KENDALL

The National Education Association was founded in 1857. This very year, therefore, it celebrates its one-hundredth birthday. What more natural, what more clearly inevitable, than that it should have improved the occasion with a book about itself? Well, here it is, under the sprightly title *NEA: The First Hundred Years,* by Edgar B. Wesley (Harper, $5.00)—the record of NEA's growth and "achievements," executed with an inexhaustible wealth of dreary detail, in prose that will make every half-educated schoolmarm and high-school principal in the land feel *comme chez soi,* and (the ultimate testimonial to NEA's power) with the footnotes printed not in a publisher's graveyard over at the end but smack in the body of the book! It should have been called, like Dreiser's novel, *An American Tragedy;* and it belongs on your bookshelf beside that other book in which stupid crimes and criminal stupidities are related as deeds to be proud of, namely: Rousseau's *Confessions.*

Make no mistake about the growth: NEA has today "nearly 700,000 members," who "function" through 66 state organizations and 6,000 local associations, elect 4,000 to 5,000 delegates to a Representative Assembly (a little vague that, but who cares about a thousand delegates more or less?), and act through an executive secretary with a 440-man staff. Time was (1870) when NEA had only four departments through which to accomplish its two-fold purpose ("elevate the character and advance the interests of the profession of teaching, and . . . promote the cause of popular education in the United States"); today it has thirty. It is, in a word, a whopping big pressure group (though Mr. Wesley never gets around to noticing this), which knows what it is after, and has quite a history of getting what it is after. The gates of hell may one day prevail against it; but Mortimer Smith and Arthur Bestor pretty certainly won't. For NEA has what it takes—that is, numbers, and a full-time bureaucracy to jump those numbers through the hoop.

Make no mistake, either, about the character of those achievements, which Mr. Wesley chronicles under the general heading "Development of American Education." A notable series of NEA "actions," he says, brought the American people to accept the "ideal of secondary education for *all* youth," and so made way for the "rise" of our present kind of high school. "The public high schools," stated an NEA resolution of 1908,

> should not be chiefly fitting schools for higher institutions, but should be adapted to the general needs, both intellectual and industrial of their students and communities, and we suggest the higher institutions may wisely adapt their courses to this condition. The high schools must become the "poor man's colleges," because the amount of latent and dormant power; of wealth-discovering and wealth-producing energy; of beauty-loving and beauty-inspiring taste and skill, that lie concealed and slumbering in the brains and hearts of the keen, shrewd, capable, but untutored millions of our youth, is beyond computation.

Victory, to be sure, did not come easily: as recently as 1900 Latin was "exceeded in popularity as a high-school study only by algebra"—a state of affairs that "reflected the persistence of the classical illusion and the power of . . . the 'dead hand from the tombs of culture'." For a while, indeed, it seemed possible that the country might "indulge the anti-republican idea" of "two systems of education, one for the ordinary citizen, . . . the other for the 'highly cultured few.'" But, happily, the American people,

> freed from the domination of the academies, from the narrow theological dogmas that had pervaded the schools, and from the superstitious awe of the classics,

worked out "their own educational salvation." And the high schools were accordingly rescued from the absurd notion that "whatever a pupil studied he should study thoroughly."

Similar NEA actions fostered the normal schools and teachers' colleges, and made of them "an integral part of the American pattern of public education." Yet others, a little later, contributed to the establishment of departments of education in the nation's universities, stimulated the rapid multiplication of higher educational "facilities" in general, and influenced the higher educational curriculum in the direction clearly indicated by the needs of American society. For the latter, Mr. Wesley tells us, has been

> too *democratic* to accept an aristocratic tradition, too *competitive* to tolerate one program however efficacious, too *practical* to be content with theoretical values, too *intense* to endure the arid drill of formal grammar, too *impatient* to wait for deferred values, too *progressive* to study outmoded languages, too *nationalistic* to acknowledge dependence upon foreign studies, too *modern* to be awed by ancient lore, too *cosmopolitan* to depend upon . . . small segments of its heritage . . .

The NEA, in short, has spared no effort, neglected no project, that might hasten the transformation of our public school education into (what it is today) a continuous assault on the intellectual skills of the population.

The "seven subjects of the elemen-

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tary program," according to an NEA president speaking back in 1882, "spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, and American history, [have] won their place by chance. . . . Neither arithmetic nor geography [throws] light upon the great moral, social, and political issues of the day." But, exults Mr. Wesley, "through the years both the curriculum and the process of making it changed fundamentally. The guidance of tradition, the influence of abstract principles, the weight of authority . . . gradually lost favor and were replaced by studies of the social setting, the principles of learning, and student capacities."

But let us not be unfair to Mr. Wesley: his Chapter 5 is a brilliant demonstration of the contribution statistic-frequency studies can make to our understanding of the past. The NEA, he assures us, held 94 conventions in the years 1857-1956. At the typical convention, he further states, 200 speeches were delivered, making a total for the 94 of about 19,000 speeches. Now, asks Mr. Wesley, "who delivered those 19,000 speeches [and] what were the speakers talking about? . . ."

As for the first half of the question, Mr. Wesley concludes that some of the speakers were from inside the teaching profession and some from outside; that some of the speakers from outside provided "both entertainment and information"; and that "frequency of speaking" (highest score of any speaker: 145 appearances) is "not necessarily an index of ability and effectiveness," but is "an indication of prominence and status."

As for the second half of the question, "some topics 1) waned in frequency, 2) some increased in frequency, and 3) some remained fairly constant." The group of topics that waned most in frequency were the "school subjects of Latin, Greek, grammar, algebra, history, and physics." "Education as a profession" also waned, as did the "fervent and vehement speeches on the use of the Bible in schools." Typical of the topics that "rose markedly in frequency of discussion" were business education, physical education, democracy and citizenship, and administration and supervision: and of those that "remained constant," the "nature of public education and its relation to government, democracy, and civilization in general."

But at this point this reviewer's interest, far from rising markedly or remaining constant, waned.

A Sort of Columbus

ROBERT PHELPS

T. S. Eliot once ascribed a "peculiar honesty" to the greatest poetry, which, he added, "in a world too frightened to be honest, is peculiarly terrifying." Shakespeare's plays are quick with this quality, and though it is usually so discreetly buried among easier virtues that it can pass unnoticed, it will sometimes, in a single peremptory line, demand acknowledgment.

Coup de Grâce, by Marguerite Yourcenar (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, $3) is a lean, short, unprettied novel which offers, and in turn demands, some of the same "peculiar honesty." Its story is so thoroughly unpleasant that the first time I read it, I tried to persuade myself that the resentment I felt must originate in some flaw in Miss Yourcenar's art, or understanding. Then I reread it, and had to admit that the only flaws were in the human condition, which can produce, on the one hand, an encounter as mutually hopeless and destructive as the one *Coup de Grâce* describes, and on the other, an inclination to flinch as fearful as my own.

The narrator, Erick, is a young Prussian who has spent most of his pre-World-War-One childhood on the feudal estate of his cousins, Conrad and Sophie, somewhere in the Baltic provinces. After the Bolshevik revolution, he returns under a German general who is organizing White Russian resistance. His cousins' estate is now the bullet-pocked center of fierce guerrilla warfare, and it is here, barracked with his unit, that Erick spends several months in renewed intimacy with his childhood companions. Still in her teens, Sophie falls in love with him, and living as they are, from hour to hour, with violent death as likely as the next sunrise, she offers herself.

Erick refuses. Sophie is ashamed, baffled, then desperately emboldened. The heart of the book is a relentless analysis of their non-affair, during which Sophie's innocent passion keeps demanding and Erick keeps declining. Finally, she learns the reason why: Erick has been secretly attached to her own brother for years. In revulsion, Sophie runs away, joins the Bolsheviks, and later is captured in uniform by Erick's unit. No prisoners are being taken, and in the final, exhausted fury of a woman scorned, Sophie demands that Erick himself be her executioner.

In a prefatory note, Miss Yourcenar explicitly sets aside any political issues her story may touch upon. She is interested in neither classes nor nationalities nor historical rights and wrongs. Only "the study of character and emotion" are her concern. In her earlier *Memoirs of Hadrian* the whole sprawl of the Roman Empire was contained in a greater whole, the character of its emperor. So, in *Coup de Grâce,* Erick and Sophie are particular, suffering creatures first, and militaristic Germans or antebellum gentry only second, by chance and circumstance.

Most of the world's great stories about those who loved and lost are told from the point of view of the lover. In *Coup de Grâce, it* is Erick, the beloved, who speaks. He is neither oblivious, like Hippolytus of the

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Memoirs of Hadrian; nor amoral, like Colette's Chéri; nor a prig, like Prince Hal. He knows the suffering he is causing. He knows, too, that he is helpless to do otherwise; helpless even to explain, much less to justify, or even escape. He can only wait, morally defenseless. He must not only endure his own hidden love for Conrad, but must inadvertently inflict misery upon Sophie.

It is a situation so "peculiarly terrifying" that poets until now have bypassed it altogether, thus encouraging us to pretend that it is less common in life than, actually, it is. Miss Yourcenar, besides being a fine writer and an acute grammarian of the heart, is therefore also a pioneer, a site-breaker, a sort of Columbus to a North America which literature has barely explored so far. I should think these 150 pages have a very long, and a very useful, future ahead of them.

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

CITADEL, MARKET AND ALTAR, by Spencer Heath (Science of Society Foundation, $6.00). From Saint-Simon to Oppenheimer, the physical-scientist-turned-social-philosopher has been a bane and a curse—typically regarding human beings as so many manipulable dots in the blueprints of Science. Spencer Heath, a retired aeronautical engineer, is a happy exception to this rule. Even those who do not agree with his system as a whole will find many fresh and brilliant insights. A former Single Taxer, Heath is perhaps the first to show clearly that urban landowners perform a productive service in allocating land sites for use. All in all, a welcome exposition of fundamental, hard-hitting libertarian principle, with an excellent introduction by John Chamberlain. M.R.

A HOUSEFUL OF LOVE, by Marjorie Housepian (Random House. $3.50). The Irish, the Jews, the Swedes, the Italians, the white Russians—all nationalities which have immigrated to this country in substantial numbers and brought their native idioms of speech, food and dress along, sooner or later observe the same pattern. As the melting pot begins to simmer them down, they look back on their fading local color with nostalgia, and then they are ripe for the memorial rites which begin with a picturesque novel, and move on through a movie, a musical comedy, and maybe even a ballet, to a TV serial. Mrs. Housepian has now started a promising ball rolling for the Armenians, with a lightly sentimental reverie about life at Lexington Avenue and 24th Street which should put *shish-kebab* in every deep-freeze and start a fez fashion by fall. No unpleasantness anywhere; all cosy and snug as rice in grape leaves; so sure a bet, in fact, that Mr. Bennett Cerf, who certainly knows his publisher's secondary rights when he sees them, is right there on the jacket front with a persuasive little three-line plug. R.B.

FACE TO FACE, by Ved Mehta. (Atlantic-Little Brown, $4.50). Ved Mehta is blind. He is a Hindu who has graduated from an American University and is going back to India to teach millions of blind there, where there is no proper teaching for them. Two fascinating things: one, he has stubbornly refused any special dispensation for his blindness; the other, the warm picture of his childhood in a large, lively and cultivated family in India. H.W.

THE SOCIAL STRUCTURE OF ISLAM, by Reuben Levy (Cambridge, $9.50). Exhaustive erudition, precise discrimination, and lucid exposition make this book a model of what a sociological study should be and rarely is. One will find in it not even a trace of the tendentious gibberish that now so commonly passes for "sociology." Instead, we get a comprehensive and compendious account of the fundamental concepts, attitudes and customs that shape Islamic society. Mr. Levy writes with complete objectivity. Here and there, perhaps, he could safely have permitted himself a discreet smile. Next to the Koran, the basis of Islamic law is the vast body of traditional aphorisms (*ahadith*) attributed to Mohammed by later writers. It might have been interesting to note that one of the aphorisms thus put into the Prophet's mouth is: "If you come across a fine saying, don't hesitate to attribute it to me. I must have said it." R.P.O.

THE HOLY TERRORS, by Jean Cocteau, translated by Rosamond Lehmann (New Directions, $3.00). Any translation of Cocteau is risky, since there is a swift, taut, lightweight agility in the least arc of his mind which only the specific gravity of French does not betray. Nonetheless, Rosamond Lehmann has converted the text of his most famous novel, *Les Enfants Terribles*, into an English which encumbers the original as little as our heavier language can. If Prospero's Ariel had written poems and novels, they might have been something like Cocteau's, whose essence Colette once distinguished as "intimate phantasmagoria." Like most children, Cocteau is at home where grown-ups fear to tread, and never more so than in this lean tragedy of two adolescents who refuse to grow up. There is a purity of harshness here which a mere adult would never dare recognize, much less disclose. The result is a unique book: a sort of *Peter Pan*, but by Baudelaire instead of Barrie. R.P.

THE LABOR POLICY OF THE FREE SOCIETY, by Sylvester Petro (Ronald, $5.00). There's many a slip 'twixt a principle and its application, as this book amply demonstrates. Professor Petro, an expert on labor law, struggles valiantly to apply the premises of the free society to labor law, but bogs down rather badly in the process. Confusing physical and "economic" coercion, Petro fails to understand the inherent error in the entire Wagner-Taft-Hartley structure, and the need for its repeal. Yet he must be hailed as that rarity: a labor lawyer who sees the evil committed by unions, and tries to do something about it. Disappointment with his final program is a measure of the high hopes engendered by his initial statement of principle. M.R.

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To the Editor

Belloc and McCarthy

I have just had the pleasure of reading in NATIONAL REVIEW of June 8, Frank Meyer's note on the late Senator McCarthy.

Having been for many years an admirer and student of Hilaire Belloc, I would like to say that Mr. Meyer is fully justified in applying Mgr. Knox's words on Belloc to McCarthy. They had vital things in common, and Belloc would not have been ashamed to be linked with the man America just lost.

AIDAN MACKEY
Editor, *The Distributist*
Croyden, England

"Why the South Must Prevail"

NATIONAL REVIEW is the only magazine I have seen which presented a true picture of the basic issues involved in the current Civil Rights debate. The editorial, "Why the South Must Prevail" [August 24], was a brilliant piece of writing. Without damning the whole Southern white race as a group of bigoted, barefoot moonshiners, it presented the case fearlessly and cogently. . . .

Philadelphia, Pa. ED MCDOWELL

In the editorial "Why the South Must Prevail" you claim that the "White community in the South is entitled to take such measures as are necessary to prevail, politically and culturally, . . . because, for the time being, it is the advanced race."

It might reasonably be said that the White South, regardless of its political and cultural attainments, has by its very treatment of the Negro destroyed its claim to represent Civilization. . . .

The payoff is at the end of the editorial: "The South confronts one grave moral challenge. It must not exploit the fact of Negro backwardness to preserve the Negro as a servile class." . . . This is precisely what the South has been doing for some three hundred years, and is in fact what the uproar is all about. . . .

Now I agree that the Supreme Court decision in re school segregation was legally indefensible, and has raised grave constitutional questions. Equally, I am sure that some Southerners—Harry Byrd, for instance—are animated by love of Constitutionalism rather than racial bigotry. But this is no defense of the Southern pattern; it is rather a case of the cure being even more horrible than the disease. The cancer still requires eradication, but by a safer therapy. . . .

Chicago, Ill. GEORGE W. PRICE

My sincere congratulations on your courageous and forthright editorial on the segregation issue.

Forced segregation is not completely in harmony with basic American ideology, which does not conceive the propriety of setting up either social systems or cultures by force of arms. But not all segregation as practiced in either North or South is compulsory. . . . On the other hand, integration, as sought by the NAACP, the Urban League and the U.S. Supreme Court, would be wholly compulsory.

Madison, Wis. VERNE P. KAUB

Dr. Graham's Work

I disagree with Mrs. Burns Poe in her statement [August 24, "To the Editor"], "William Schlamm's column on Billy Graham was regrettable." I considered it his best yet.

You do not buy "religion" in the supermarkets. It doesn't "brush off" on you in mass gatherings. . . . What is being peddled today under the label of "religion" is the age-old faith salve—it makes the individual feel good if he does what *he* thinks is "good." This is the core of the "new world faith" propagated by so many theorists, social engineers, and scientists. It is not true religion.

. . . Billy Graham and his millions of listeners may be sincere, but we do not need a "vital" faith sold from the colosseums and amphitheaters of the world. We need the acceptance of each individual to fixed principles, moral dogma, the Absolutes.

Tucson, Ariz. EMMA M. MCLAUGHLIN

Readers Disagree

Having talked with six local Protestant readers of NATIONAL REVIEW, I would like to report to Mr. Wm. H von Dreele [letter, July 27] that not one of them saw any threat "in the increasing power of Roman Catholic parochial schools."

And in this city they *are* increasing. Over 30 per cent of our elementary and high school population is in Lutheran or Catholic parochial schools. But here this is contemplated with a sigh of relief for taking that much tax load off the backs of everybody.

When your correspondent has time, I'd like to have a list of any villages, towns or cities where Roman Catholics have been able to "secure a majority on any given local Board of Education" so I can investigate the "decline" that "almost always" has resulted. . . .

Fort Wayne, Ind. LEON J. BAKER

Like Mr. Little *et al*, Mr. von Dreele's conclusions are obviously based on preconditioned reasoning. I can just see Mr. von Dreele conducting a poll of Boards of Education to see how many Catholics are represented and then, watchdog-fashion, taking notes on the degeneration of educational standards in those areas. Your readers cannot be taken in that easily.

New York City FRANCIS CARILLI

No Royalties to Author

Referring to a review of my volume *The Invasion of France and Germany* in your August 3 number, all the royalties for the History of U.S. Naval Operations in World War II go to the Navy, none to the author.

It seems to me that you or your reviewer might have taken the trouble to ascertain this fact, which you could have done by a simple telephone call to the Director of Naval History, rather than indulge in unfounded innuendoes.

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON
Cambridge, Mass.

A Welcome for Mr. Chambers

This is to congratulate NATIONAL REVIEW on securing Whittaker Chambers as a writer. I have long counted *Witness* one of the most important documents available to patriots . . .

New York City FREDERICK RAND ROGERS

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